Boding to all.) He had my hankercher.
Iag. I, what of that?
Oth. That's not so good now.
Iag. What if I had said I had seene him do you wrong?
Or heard him say (as knaues be such abroad)
Who hauing by their owne importunate suite,
Or by the voluntaty dotage of some mistris,
Conuinced, or supplied them, cannot chuse,
But they must blab.
Oth. Hath he said any thing?
Iag. He hath my Lord, but be you well assur'd,
No more then hee'l vnsweare.
Oth. What hath he sayd?
Iag. Faith that he did -- I know not what he did.
Oth. But what? *Iag,* Lye.
Oth. With her?
Iag. With her, on her, what you will.
Oth. Lie with her, lie on her? We say lie on her, when they bely her; lye with her, Zouns, that's fulsome, handkerchers, Confession, hankerchers. *He falls down.*
Iag. Worke on my medicine, worke: thus credulous fooles are caught, and many worthy and chaste dames, euen thus all guiltlesse, meete reproach; What ho my Lord, my Lord I say, *Othello*, -- how now *Cassio.* *Enter* Cassio.
Cas. What's the matter?
Iag. My Lord is falne into an Epilepsy,
This is his second fit, he had one yesterday.
Cas. Rub him about the Temples.
Iag. No, forbeare,
The Lethergie, must haue his quiet course,
If not he foames at mouth, and by and by
Breakes out to sauage madnesse: looke he stirres.
Doe you withdraw your selfe a little while,
He will recouer straight, when he is gone,
I would on great occasion speake with you.
How is it Generall, haue you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doest thou mocke me?

Iag.

Iag. I mocke you? no by Heauen,
Would you would beare your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monster, and a beast.
Iag. There's many a beast then in a populous City,
And many a ciuill monster.
Oth. Did he confesse?
Iag. Good sir be a man,
Thinke euery bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you, there's millions now aliue,
That nightly lyes in those vnproper beds,
Which they dare sweare peculiar: your case is better:
O tis the spite of hell, the fiends arch mocke,
To lip a wanton in a secure Coach,
And to suppose her chaste: No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
Oth. O thou art wise, tis certaine.
Iag. Stand you awhile apart,
Confine your selfe but in a patient list:
Whilst you were here ere while, mad with your griefe,
A passion most vnsuting such a man,
Cassio came hither, I shifted him away,
And layed good scuse, vpon your extacy,
Bid him anon retire, and here speake with me,
The which he promisde: but incaue your selfe,
And marke the Ieeres, the libes, and notable scornes,
That dwell in euery region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long agoe, and when,
He has, and is againe to cope your wife:
I say, but marke his iesture, mary patience,
Or I shall say, you are all in all, in spleene,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Doest thou heare *Iago*,
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But doest thou heare, most bloody.
Iag. That's not amisse:
But yet keepe time in all; will you withdraw?